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ning the "Black Crook" hard on to the 500th night, and each night the crowd gathers in force, besieging the doors for half an hour before they open. Why should they seek new pieces? And yet they are doing so simply from the fact that Messrs. Wheatley, Palmer and Jarrett have, through very humanity, decided to make a change, lest their company and employees go stark, staring mad with the very monotony of going through the same routine day after day and year after year. Niblo's is therefore about to change, somewhere in January, for another elaborated, spectacled, muscled, ballet, pantomime, opera, tragedy, comedy piece, which we are confidently told will as much surpass the "Black Crook," as the "Black Crook" surpassed everything else previous to its debut.

Ristori has gone off to Havana with a rush that must have startled her somewhat if she has any startle in her. We mean a rush of the public, for never before during her engagement has there been such a stampede of Ristori-ites as during these three representations. There was something almost funny, had it not been for the tragical nature of the fun, in seeing how the gentler part of upper tondom became reckless of persons and bonnets in its efforts to crowd twice as many persons into the French Theatre on the last matinee as it would hold. The squeezing and pulling to get in, and the indignation after getting in to find that only a few seats were left in the upper, the very upper, tier. In fifteen minutes from the moment the doors opened no more money could be taken, and hundreds of disgusted fair ones were turned away in the cold to save their tempers and their dollars until the great tragedienne returns once more.

But there still remains the "Duchess," who with all her airs and graces draws, nightly, her thousands, notwithstanding that by this time we must class her among the ancient regime. Tostee has got well, and the "Duchess" may be expected under this fact to start with renewed vigor, for the public is not an inconstant lover, but will go back to its first loves. The French company alternating with this charming opera and giving the Gallic drama better than it has ever been given before in New York, makes this theatre a power in the land of theatre-dom which it has never been until it got under the management of Mr. Bateman.

It is hardly necessary for us to say that "The Devil's Auction" goes steadily on its way, crowding the house every night the same as in the beginning, only a little more so. We do not know what to argue from this, save that the public are fond of the ballet and find it there to their taste.

TRIESTE.—"L'Africaine" has proved a great success.

### BALL'S STATUE OF FORREST.

At No. 812 Broadway, Mr. Ball's Statue of Edwin Forrest in the character of Coriolanus is on exhibition.

The Statue represents the great soldier in his tent, in the 5th act, scene III., where he is saying,

Deny not.—Let the Voices  
Plough Rome and harrow Italy: I'll never  
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,  
As if a man were master of himself,  
And knew no other kin.

It is six feet six inches in height, being eight inches taller than the original, the extreme height, including pedestal, being eleven feet. It will be readily understood with this measurement that a room 25 feet square, however draped, is hardly the place to put it in; but in the dearth of halls for art exhibition in this city, it was the best place that could be had.

A work of art wherein the imagination has to be sacrificed to show facts is not open to that close criticism that a purely ideal work should be. In his labors upon this statue, Mr. Ball has been confined to certain imperative laws that have prevented his art action in a measure, that he might bring home to the eye of every one who sees it the embodiment of the great actor, and that with the knowledge that he was executing a figure that every looker-on could criticise, from the fact of having seen the original. The sculptor has therefore had two paths to tread, the one real, the other ideal. In the first he has given us the man as he is; in the same massive physique, the peculiarity of position, the feature, and the recognizable expression. In the last we have the etheriality of the Coriolanus, as we get him in the closet, divested of Mr. Forrest and all men but the creator of the character; that etheriality with which we are wont to invest the portrait of the dead, which may arise in the work of the artist, or from the work of our own brain.

Purely as a work of art, the statue, without being faultless, shows the sculptor to possess higher genius than we have ever given him credit for here at home. If there is any especial fault to be found with it, that fault lies in the head being small as compared with the massiveness of the original. The drapery is good, and the pose excellent.

We should like to see permanent disposition made of this statue in this city, where Mr. Forrest first took his degree, and with which his fame has always been identified.

### THE ARTISTS' FUND EXHIBITION.

This year the Association has opened its exhibition at Putnam's Gallery, Broadway, opposite Bond street, and show on the walls ninety-four pictures, which will be sold for the benefit of the fund on the 21st December.

The catalogue gives us a list of eminent names in art, and we feel sorry that the walls do not show a corresponding return. We must, of course, take into consideration that these pictures are free-will offerings from the artists, and that as a consequence they cannot loom out largely in size, yet still we think they might in number, as well as in excellence. There are, however, many gems in the collection that should be eagerly sought after, and that will repay careful examination, not for the ideas embodied in them, for strange to say, an artist rarely gets an idea for a picture, but as fine illustrations of the artist's style.

Taking a sweep through the room without being prejudiced by handling a catalogue, our eye rests upon three water-color drawings, and on referring to that document, we find them entered as Nos. 29, 65 and 78.—Life in Amsterdam, At the Shrine, and Italien Contadini, and the artist as F. O. C. Darley. Mr. Darley could hardly do anything bad, and though these are not in his best style, they are sufficiently good to warrant us in giving them first mention. There is a charming picture, No. 33, by Lowrie, The Valley of New Russia, Adirondacks, next to which hangs Meditation, No. 34, by Louis Lanz, a stupid study, but a carefully handled picture. No. 49, a neat little piece by De Haas, entitled Dover Cliffs, is deserving notice. No. 58, In the Woods, by Crouch, is in his usual woody style, not bad, but not so good as to excite any especial enthusiasm. Hennessey has his name to a picture, No. 60, called At the Opera, but we can hardly believe he painted it. The art is Japanese, the figure is Japanese, the color is Japanese, and the fan is Japanese. Perhaps the last item explains the whole thing. The artist possibly having commenced the picture on the fan, could not lose the style. There is a nice little bit of color in No. 62, Midsummer, by J. B. Bristol, and a clever picture as far as regards the figures of the two children in No. 69, The Young Inventor, by A. O. Eaton.

Hicks has a picture, No. 75, Feeding the Chickens, deserving of notice. We are not sure but it is the best picture in the room. After this mention, there is but little beside worth especial notice. The mass are meaningless, and poor exponents either of the artists or of American art. Some, with great names attached, are decidedly bad, and are doubly unworthy to find a place upon the walls, firstly on their merit, and secondly as contributing to a most worthy cause, which it should be the care of every artist to make a success.

BRESLAU.—Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" was performed, a short time since, under the direction of Herr Thoma, in the church of St. Elizabeth.